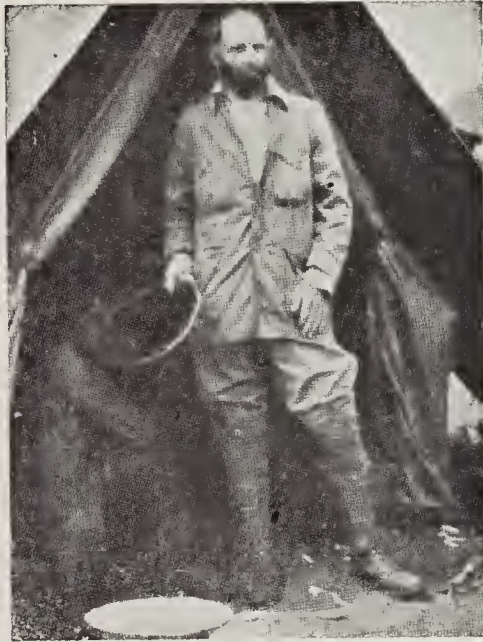


**How Leslie Sutton and his Banjo
Reached Mr. C. T. Studd
in the Heart of Africa**



Published by
HEART OF AFRICA MISSION
222 WEST 23d STREET
NEW YORK

How Leslie Sutton and his Banjo Reached Mr. C. T. Studd in the Heart of Africa



C. T. STUDD

**This Booklet is Published by the American Branch
of the Heart of Africa Mission. Additional
copies may be had, price 50 cents**



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Columbia University Libraries

<https://archive.org/details/howlesliesuttonh00sutt>

World Wide Evangelization Crusade

AND

Heart of Africa Mission

Co-founders

MR. C. T. STUDD

MR. A. B. BUXTON, M.A.

Honorary Secretary

MRS. C. T. STUDD

Honorary Treasurer for Great Britain

MR. H. AVELING BAKER

Home Overseer

REV. GILBERT BARCLAY

General Organizing Secretary for America and Canada

MISS C. J. BRANDON

Hotel Chelsea, New York City

Honorary Treasurer for America

DR. GEORGE H. DOWKONTT

113 Fulton Street, New York City

OBJECT:

The Evangelization of every part of the Unevangelized World in the shortest possible time, beginning with the Heart of Africa.

Churches and friends desiring to hear more of the work of the Mission are invited to write to Miss Brandon, General Organizing Secretary, Heart of Africa Mission, 222 West 23rd Street, New York.

Magazine published six times a year. Price 50 cents per annum.

For Your Prayer List



Our Missionaries in the Heart of Africa

MR. C. T. STUDD

MR. AND MRS. A. B. BUXTON

MISS G. BROMBERGER

MISS L. DENNIS (Nurse)

MR. H. H. JENKINSON

MR. H. LESLIE SUTTON

MR. S. J. STANFORTH

MR. A. W. RUSCOE

MISS CHAPMAN

MISS E. ROUPELL

MISS E. KIMBER

MISS COCQUEREL

MISS A. COCQUEREL

MISS RENN

MR. AND MRS. A. W. DAVIES

MR. AND MRS. NORMAN GRUBB

MR. G. AMBROSE

ON FURLOUGH

MR. AND MRS. LOWDER.....In England
NURSE ARNALL.....In England

EN ROUTE

RICHARD R. HIPP—Sailed from New York, May, 1921.
Sailed from England, October, 1921.

Sent by the Memorial Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. TATT	}	Sailed from England October, 1921.
A. S. WILKINSON		
A. VOYLE		

MR. W. S. PONTIER AND MISS M. YETHS—
Sailing January, 1922.

Sent by South Brooklyn Gospel Church, N. Y.

Many other candidates in training, both in America and
Great Britain.

HEADQUARTERS :
15-17 Highland Road,
Upper Norwood, S. E. 19,
London, England

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS :
Room 622,
Hotel Chelsea,
New York City.

How Leslie Sutton and His Banjo Reached Mr. C. T. Studd in the Heart of Africa

PARIS, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1920.

We had a *most wonderful send-off from Waterloo, more than a hundred people—such prayer and enthusiasm—you would have loved to have been there.* We had seven registered baggages, and nine small ones with us (*including the banjo*). Very easy journey. We arrived at the boat at about 11 p. m. and went straight on board, and after some hot tea and sandwiches from our grub-basket, we turned in very happy and thankful. The Customs have worried us three times so far, but very little. They usually pick on that green bag of mine, which is very harmless (socks and shirts), and off we go. Brekker on board and then off again to the Havre Customs—very pleasant crossing, but I did not sleep much. Funny, fat porters all over the place. Dear old things, but all on the “Make haste”—think you don’t know the value of a franc—funny old gendarmes with huge moustachios and a continual eye on the advantage of “No. 1.” The general impression of France, except in the middle of Paris is just one word—“shabby”—after England. Little towns seem to have no municipal pride and respect—unswept and filthy.

We have a very nice room at this place—will have dinner here at 6.30 and then two hours’ rest, and then on to Genoa at 9.30. Change and Customs at Modane, where we push into Italy. Reach Genoa about noon tomorrow (Wednesday). So far have got on wonderfully, not a hitch anywhere. Mrs. *C. T. fitted us with a splendid basket and heaps of grubbing material and hot tea. The boys are splendid and do everything to save extra arranging, etc.—strictest accounts of expense have to be kept—which with exchanges—France, Italy

Mr. Leslie Sutton’s companions on the journey were Mr. George Ambrose and Mr. Herbert Jenkinson. They sailed from London February 23rd, 1920, and are now preaching Salvation through Jesus Christ in the Heart of Africa.

* Mrs. C. T. Studd.

and Egypt, and having cash of the previous country over to exchange is not very easy. We go well together and in great rejoicing.

"When He putteth forth His sheep, He goeth before them."

* * * *

GENOA, FEBRUARY 26TH, 4 P. M.

Your prayers and those of all the dear Saints have been and will be abundantly answered. We have reached Genoa without a hitch, just full of beans. We had a very easy journey from Paris to Modane; made tea on spirit stove and had three cups each, sandwiches and fruit. The natives were amused at the way we made ourselves so at home. Very cosy P.L.M. carriages. Modane is on the French-Italian frontier, so full of customs and French Army, etc.

We had lunch at the station—queer Italian soup, yellow and thick with sago. I should think it's highly nutritious but it's dreadful to take; also long macaroni. The "Boys" would have preferred roast beef. We got a crowded train for Turin—simply wonderful scenery. Italian Alps all snow-covered; lost in the clouds; bright blue sky; heaps of tunnels. Our admiration was rather sleepy, I fear, but we insisted on keeping awake. It is so wonderful.

A nice little porter met us at Turin and we were whisked into another train. Here I changed twenty-five dollars for 360 lire, and all my accounts are in another coinage. It's quite an art, reckoning up how much one needs before you are through a particular country, also to persuade them to give you the correct change—unless it's a Government place.

We had quite a nice journey to Genoa—four nationalities, all insisting on eating their own particular tit-bits. "Les trois pauvres Anglais," as a dear old dame called us, meat sandwiches and tangerines; two Italians, brown bread and something strange in strips; a large German, a large roll and a Frankfort sausage (throwing the rind about trying to hit the window); the Italians wanted to go to war about it again; the old dame and fille, fruit and rolls, and red wine. We all examined each other and sat back satisfied we were what we were, remarking what strange folks we do meet, and rolled into Genoa about 10 A. M. very satisfied.

I positively couldn't get less than three porters to take our luggage across the square to the Hotel Savoie; they cluster round like hawks, and then line up with their dirty hands out for lire, trying to score you by jabbering Italian loud and fast into giving more than you should. The beds were lovely—

cool and soft. We slept like tops, and felt very refreshed this morning. After an excellent breakfast, we interviewed the shipping people re our berths on the *Milano*—a funny old clerk who couldn't speak English—but waved our arms about a bit and he understood thoroughly all we had to tell him. We get our traps on board tomorrow, Friday, about 3.00 p. m., and sail in the evening. I believe we call at Naples, if so, we'll drop cards, etc., and let you know. I hope we do. I've long wanted to see it. *Norman says it's a filthy place, but it looks nice from a long way off.

Genoa is a lovely place and the shop-people are real nice to us and laugh at us no end; it is such fun trying to make them understand. Our next spasm is Egypt, but English folk are fairly common there so we'll have no trouble. Things are comparatively cheap here. The lire—25 for five dollars pre-war is now 60 to the dollar—so everything is cheap to us, i. e., 60 lire go very much further than forty dollars in living values.

* * * *

ON BOARD S.S. MILANO, ANCHORED AT NAPLES

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 29TH, 1920.

Here we are at Naples for twenty-four hours, and very sorry we are—we had a few hours in the town this morning—it is simply filthy—some of the suburbs on the hills look better and cleaner but the city itself is vile. The saying "see Naples and then die" must have originated half a century ago—for there's nothing to die about now except dirt and disease—no municipal order or pride. The place reeks of every vile thing imaginable—no sanitation. The most humble English town would be ashamed to be seen in such a state. This is not written from the solely utilitarian point of view—there are beautiful buildings, but they are filthy inside and out. *We talk about Sabbath-breaking in England, but it's heavenly compared with a Continental Sunday.* Everyone working—and a general market day—wagons and drays—no difference from week days except an occasional bell for Mass at the churches, all of which are just as dirty as everything else. In fact some were simply unspeakably filthy.

Genoa is really beautiful compared with it. It has fine hotels, good shops, imposing squares, and it is kept fairly clean. *Don't see Naples* when you begin to move about.

* Norman P. Grubb.

FAIRHAVEN, MARCH 1ST, 1920.

You will be wondering what kind of a time we had on board since Naples. Well, these wretched Italian boats are small and uncomfortable and badly built, which means unnecessary pitching even on the Mediterranean.

You would have been very amused to have seen our mixed company. We were the only English on board. We gave most of them nick-names. A Roumanian lady we called Miss Vesusius (who spoke nine languages and couldn't read or write), was very good to us. Seven R. C. brothers in black robes, eight R. C. sisters, three Capuchin Monks, several Zionists going back to Jerusalem, Italian journalists, French commercials, two Greeks going home after making their fortune in America (during the war). These latter, great black-whiskered men like brigands; we were scared of them at first. The steerage was full of all sorts of queer things: natives, Gippos, Syrians, Arabs, and the smell that came up from the steerage hatch was undesirable.

We were very fortunate on our arrival at Alexandria. You will have heard that when a boat arrives it is overwhelmed by a horde of natives, shouting and soliciting employment, etc. The ship is simply a moving mass of native porters struggling with luggage; add to this Egyptian Customs Officers, and a few military people who thoroughly inspect you and your passport, etc., and you have the scene of excitement we were in. But we collared the only Cook's man in the landscape, and he was priceless. He chivvied the native porters about like nothing on earth and we seemed to slide through where other unfortunates were struggling hours after.

We rushed to the Custom House and there for the first time our things were routed out a bit. A most objectionable Gippo turned out my new pajamas and body belt, and the brute wanted to charge me duty because they were new. After much waving of arms and explaining, pointing out the name and marking, etc., we got through without any charge. So we all hopped into a barouche and got to the car about three-quarters of an hour after the ship came into Alexandria—some rush. An eight mile run out here, nearly to the place where I camped so long (Sidi Bishr), and we found this very comfy little place, which is a Missionaries' Rest House, used by all societies. It is only for Missionaries. *We have been so fortunate in meeting so many friends of the Mission.* Sir Montague Beauchamp is in Alexandria; a great friend of *C. T's. I met him at Cambridge last year and his son at

* Mr. C. T. Studd.

†King's. He (‡Sir M.) was secretary of the C. I. C. C. U. when at Cambridge, so we had a great chat about last year's activities. He, of course, went out to China with C. T. in '85. Then, who else should turn up to dinner the next night but Lord Radstock, who was at Cambridge with C. T. and his brothers. He the grand pangandrum of the Y. M. C. A. in Egypt and doing Evangelistic work in Northern Egypt. He is a great friend of the Mission and was very interested and helpful about the journey.

There are a number of dear old things here. A dear old Mrs. Dixon, from Jerusalem (worked there for about 30 years), has taken me in hand, told me I must rest after the voyage and sees me off to bed in good time. Another wonderful lady, a Miss Ramsay (aunt to the man who married Princess Pat), who has worked 35 years in Ceylon (C. M. S.), and others *ad lib*, each with a wonderful story and all inspiring and delighted to have three young Missionaries to encourage. It is very delightful.

Another old dear, an American, Doctor Christie, also retiring, 78, who founded a great work in Tarsus (Asia Minor), where all the trouble is now. One learns much in conversation with these people, tips about all sorts of things.

I met a splendid man last night, a Dr. Campion, an old London Crusader—very keen, and his splendid wife. He knows crowds of Crusaders that I know (London), thinks the world of Hudson Pope, etc., etc. §Jenkinson and I went to dinner there on Sunday night and met a very fine Indian Doctor friend of his, a Christian and an expert bacteriologist. Much to my relief he will inoculate me tomorrow. Isn't it splendid? Egypt looks much the same as when I was last here. .

* * * *

ALEXANDRIA, MARCH 16TH, 1920.

We seem to have been here quite a long time, but now we have decided to move on—Thursday the 18th—to *Cairo to the house of a lady who does the "guardian angel" to our Mission in Cairo.*

There I have to procure bales of cotton cloth for little boys' trousers and other things, colored prints, as gay as possible, etc., agricultural implements, etc., etc., owing to a slight

† King's College, Cambridge.

‡ One of the renowned Cambridge Seven.

§ Herbert Jenkinson.

|| One of our American friends.

delay of our luggage at Port Said we shall not catch the boat on the 21st of March, but now shall leave Khartoum on April 6th, leaving Cairo on or about April 1st. Cairo to K. takes about 4 or 5 days, and is split with 24 hours on the Nile. I don't know why they haven't a railroad.

We have had a delightful time here and have been *able to do useful work at the Kitchener's Soldiers Home here. Sunday before last I took the Bible Class, about 40 men*, also sung the Pilot song, got into touch with a number of splendid fellows. In the evening *Ambrose spoke very well. Definite decisions made, and last Sunday Jenks took the Bible class, after which I spoke on the work we were going to and why we were going, etc.* I was asked on the spur of the moment, but seemed to find a great deal to say when I started. Then I went to the St. George's Garrison Church with one of the boys and helped the choir. It seemed so strange to put on cassock and surplice once more in that little Kirk. You remember I was in the choir there when dear old Padre Key was chaplain there (who was killed at Thiepval). Sir Hanby preached a very fine sermon on "And there was a lad there," the boy who gave his all to Christ, though it wasn't much, only 5 small loaves and two small fishes. But it was all.

I find now that we shall go on to Cairo fairly soon, as I've stores for the trekking to buy, and other things like cotton for the boy's trousers, etc., and a few tools, and we are staying with an American lady and her husband. *Splendid people, and just delighted to do anything and everything for any missionaries.*

Fairhaven has been a place of refreshing—delightful people—just beside themselves to help us along all they could.

Isn't it wonderful how we have been helped and refreshed all the way—being prepared.

* * * *

KHARTOUM, MARCH 23RD, 1920.

We arrived here yesterday, and as usual, everything perfect. But I'd better go back to my last letter, which was posted from Cairo. We got there on the 15th, and were there 10 days. Cairo is good in parts, and mostly very smelly. I had such a busy time buying for the Mission, cloth for the Nala school boys—blue, also unbleached and some strong colored cotton print. I tried hard to tear them all but failed, and the prices were very good (after a bit of argument.) As neither of the boys had been to Cairo before they did more sight-seeing than I did. I had great fun after going to three other

large places in vain, in order to buy tools, picks and spades. At last I struck a store of a Coptic Egyptian . He was so interested in everything I bought and where I was going (and he spoke good English), but amazed beyond words why I should go to such a place.

"And the last 300 miles we have to walk."

"Not walk, Effendi?" "Yes, walk."

"On your feet?" "Certainly!"

Hassoun Effendi collapsed in a great fat heap on the bentwood chair that creaks. The next morning I went in to check and approve of the goods—he drew me to the end of the shop to have black, very black and nearly solid coffee and asked me more about things, and the work of the Mission, the people, customs, and for nearly an hour and a half with five of the assistants also, who came nearer one by one, I told them how these poor people were being changed through the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that we went out in His strength, not our own. What else could I have said? They seemed very interested, did everything for me possible and the dear old boy got a carriage for me himself, and put me and my goods into it and waved his handkerchief till I went around a corner.

We met some very charming people of the Nile Mission Press (a truly wonderful work). Mr. and Mrs. McClenahan, American Missionaries to Moslems, the hardest missionary work in all the world, I believe, worse than the Jews. They told us of two brothers, recently converted, who have made a definite stand for the faith. The father, a land owner and well off, they have been cast out. One of them has been assaulted with attempt to murder four times, and I never saw two such shining fellows in my life. The mother is secretly in sympathy and would join them if it were not for the father. We shall follow their history with interest and prayer. Great things may happen through the family. So Mr. M. is writing to let us know what happens. Oh, that people who say: "They have their religion, let them alone," could see the degradation that this religion leads them to—where a woman is told that she hasn't a soul and she is simply man's cattle—to reproduce his species and be his slave. The scores of times this last fortnight I've seen the man well dressed and riding on a donkey with four or five of these soul-less, sad looking creatures, with huge burdens following after him as best they could on their sore feet. Surely the origin of a loveless religion is the devil—for God is love.

We all visited the pyramids one day. I had been inside, so I climbed up "outside"—a really wonderful sight from the

top. Really one does not require any guide, but an old rascal attached himself to me and nearly upset me by pushing behind when I wasn't expecting. I didn't want him in the least. Then by a circuitous route he got in front and lodged himself in the way, so I couldn't pass without throwing him down (and he was an old man) and insisted on telling my fortune on a big slab of stone. Now I've heard them all before so I decided to be perverse. He made me a most mysterious beetle-looking shape on the sand and bade me choose a leg. I chose a feeler instead. He counted round and round and hummed a tune and said in a hushed voice: "You belong to a very good family." I said: "No, I don't; my ancestors were coffee grinders." He said: "I mean good people." I said: "No, they were brigands in their spare time." He chose another leg. "You are going on a journey." I said: "Yes, I've got to get down this wretched pyramid when you've done all this rigamarole. Then in desperation he said, having exhausted many legs: "You're going to have a big fortune." I told him I'd come into it already. This seemed to cheer him up some, but he seemed as depressed as ever when I told him it wasn't on my person, but laid up where thieves do not break through and steal. I left him finally sitting on the big flat stone bemoaning the fact that Englishmen were not half so easy to get backsheesh out of since the war. All the Government officials are delighted in every way just to do anything they can to help us.

We went to the Az Har Moslem University. They call it that in fun, I believe. A filthy, smelly, vile place. Crowds of men from all the world over learning the Koran off by heart. A student will come in after being admitted on his present knowledge of the Koran, and bring his bed and cooking utensils, find a comfy-looking spot anywhere. (The more company the better, and settle down.) The authorities supply him with native bread, and there he may stop rocking himself, repeating the Koran for years and years and years and years. When they've had enough they pick up their bed and pots and pans and wander out.

The whole place is just a series of covered courts supported by marble pillars, which that old rascal Mahomet Alg looted from the Christian Churches he destroyed. There are 365 in Az Har, each Coptic church had 12, one for each Apostle. The floor is covered partly by rush matting, food all strewn about, refuse, cats, sleeping forms, filth! Such is Az Har University! We left on the 25th for Shellal, made our own tea and had quite a comfy journey. On the evening of the 26th we went on board the Nile steamer at Shellal,

getting tickets right through to Khartoum. Every scrap of luggage safely turned up, 19 pieces now with picks and things. *These Nile boats are just delightful; we were booked second-class, but the skipper smiled and put us in first class cabins.* Food very good, Indian waiters, every convenience, delightful baths, etc., etc. From here it is entirely British controlled (Sudan), no Gippos in it. Some most interesting people on board. The manager of the Sudan Railways, a regular nib, not at all in sympathy with Missions. We had some splendid chats. I gave him "Dawn in the Devil's Den," and the 1918 report. He seemed quite interested, but best of all he told me he'd just been to Cairo to see about a *railroad from Rejaf to Aba*, on the Cayo frontier. Think of it—will cut a huge slice off our mail time and travel.

Then an American who is on a commission from the U. S. Senate to inquire into the Zionist Movement. We had some very interesting talks on that. *The Zionists are buying hundreds of miles of lands. They own now all the ex-German hotels (all but one in Jerusalem), and are beginning to carry out huge sanitary schemes already. They practically own Jaffa, and are beginning shipbuilding on a large scale, etc., etc., ad lib.* Then the British have found immense oil supplies south of the Dead Sea, which bids fair to solve the problem of Palestine's industrial future, *i. e.*, fuel. But I could go on and on.

He is very interested in us and our project. He says "Good morning, boys," and fathers us, and he is coming with us on this other piece of Nile, Khartoum to Rejaf, 14 lovely days, with wonderful scenery, little boat, first class cabins. I wonder!

We left the steamer again at Halfa, and got into a delightful train, a great improvement on the Egyptian State Railways, and we arrived here yesterday. Oh, the joy to find a Gordon Hotel man waiting for us, who directed us in everything, where to put things, extra baggage, etc. He got us porters, a carriage and whisked us here. *Fancy Easter Sunday in Khartoum Cathedral. Bishop *Gwynne is back, we shall go to see him, he is a great pal of C. T.'s.* Only let me add that in everything from baggage arrangements, dealing with officials, buying goods, in fact, everything, we have not had the slightest hitch of any kind. Lost nothing, which in a journey of thousands of miles through many countries is really marvelous.

* Bishop Gwynne, with Rev. A. Shaw, C.M.S., accompanied Mr. C. T. Studd to the Southern Anglo-Egyptian Sudan in 1911 on his first journey to Africa.

Our God abundantly answers prayer and none of us have even worried a scrap about anything. He is faithful. Already here in Khartoum everything is just to our hand, but that is the next chapter. "Not one word shall fail of His promise!! Hallelujah!! and He goeth before!!"

* * * *

STOPPED FOR TWO HOURS AT MALAKAL.

APRIL 14TH.

An unexpected call. We are about half way on our Nile journey. We have completed about 580 miles. Khartoum to Rejaf is about 1150 miles. The temperature went up to 114 last week. Now it is getting cooler as we go south. Captain says it's the hottest trip he has yet had—really frizzling. But I'm afraid they say these things for the satisfaction of passengers, who can say with great gusto: "and the captain said it was the roughest sea, etc., etc." Still it has been warm. We've all been very well, and splendid appetites. Bishop Gwynne is a host in himself. *Also Mrs. Hall of the C. M. S. School at Ondurman, 20 years' service, has mothered me.* She is going to take 20 slave children here (Malakal) back to Ondurman. We have had long chats together. She has given me trekking recipe and heaps of good tips. Love to all at home and all who inquire about me.

* * * *

S.S. ANDURMAN, APRIL 19TH TO 21ST.

The last three days we've seen quantities of game of all kinds. Hundreds of crocs, scores of hippos—they come up with a snort and go down with a grunt and gurgle—the Captain shoots crocs from the boat, some as long as 14 feet. This morning he shot one on the bank, so he and I went off in a little boat to get it. He seemed quiet till he got on the shore a little way off. Then we approached, the Captain with a gun. I was armed with a big club and the wretch took to his tail and managed to get to the water in spite of wounds. Yesterday we saw several fine elephants close to the bank. I got a snap, but I don't know how it will turn out, because they wouldn't turn round to be snapped properly. You would be delighted to see the most wonderful birds, hundreds of saxe-blue herons, with white chests, then gold-crested black crane, and black and white ibis all standing about. They were not at all afraid of the boat, fishing and flying about,

then heaps of wonderful brilliant little birds of every description. Four days we pass through the most uninteresting lanes of papyrus, this is the old paper reed of ancient Egypt, which grows so quickly and profusely it blocks the river by being torn away in great chunks, and great islands of it with birds and things on come floating down the river. One stalk is like an immense mop about 30 inches across and 10 feet high, and it extends for miles on each side of the river in parts where it is swampy.

We've now passed all this and it is jungly again. We expect to see giraffes today. It's a regular wild beast show, and they are all happy but the crocs, who have a very thin time when the boats pass, but they simply swarm, so it's a very good thing for the natives who go in to fish. We have passed Shillooks and Dinkas chiefly, great fellows, half of them over seven feet high and very thin. I got a snap of some at Fashoda. *The Bishop Greyne is a remarkable man—goes into the villages and chats with the people so happily, they all like him so much and get up to greet him everywhere.*

By the way, did I tell you I met Eric Hussey at Khartoum. He is Inspector of Education, practically controls the immense Gordon College in Khartoum, as well as other schools in the Sudan. I went to dinner at his lovely place one night, everything in great style; I was very glad I'd got myself a white suit after all. Tailors make you a white suit while you wait out here, Greeks mostly. *Then we had dinner on Easter Saturday eve with the Bishop and Dr. Lloyd of the C. M. S. Hussey took me all around the Gordon College. It's a wonderful native college, run, of course, by the Government. Every kind of craft and science taught, from carpentry and engineering to medicine and bacteriology—turning out a generation of Sudanese officials, etc.*

Tomorrow we arrive at Rejaf, so I must just finish this scrawl. Yesterday the Bishop got off at Malek to join Shaw of the C. M. S. and will come on in three days. I clipped his episcopal pate very short and tidy, also the boys—found I had quite the tonsorial flourish. Then the Bishop cut mine, and entre nous made a bald pate behind—but one must expect to pay for such an honor. Everyone in the Sudan speaks so affectionately of the Bishop—military and civil authorities. Steamer and rail officials will just do anything for him. *One of those big-hearted, kindly, sympathetic men who sees the best in everyone, and help them to a better best.*

You'll be glad to know I got a lovely little ginger and white pup today at Mayella. I went round the village, asked a native woman for this pup. He had a black and white

brother, but this is such a pretty color, and tried to eat me when I stroked him, so I took him. The woman, charming, black and shiny, insisted on giving me the pup for nothing, so I insisted on giving her a present, not for the pup—for nothing—so she was satisfied.

Of course, it can't be anything but Ginger, so he's settled down to sleep on the deck, and is quite at home. I only hope I'll get him to Nala without being eaten or something. I do so like a dog, and it will be company, if it doesn't get eaten.

We expect to leave Rejaf on the 23rd or perhaps the 22nd.

* * * *

REST HOUSE, ABA, APRIL 28TH, 1920.

We had only two nights in Rejaf, at quite a good rest house. Couldn't get a very satisfactory boy, so we got one to make fires and wash up, and I did the cooking, baking powder cake made with "oil", and cooked in a frying pan, quite good hot, but not so good cold. Then we had a rooster, cost 20 cents, the boy tied him by the leg and he got away. George chased him round and round the place until I thought he would be too lean to eat. He took refuge in the cook house—we boiled him.

Our camp beds were very cosy, and we had two splendid nights. Ginger, the pup I got at Hayalla, slept in the midst after a good dinner of chicken bones, etc. He is great fun, but I hear with consternation that everyone has a dog at Nala, and it will be one more to lick your bare knees under the table at dinner. We left Rejaf in the drenching rain on Sunday morning, the 25th. Dreadful roads, car broke down, had to put one night at Toka, a good night there. Next night we had at Yei, the *Rev. P. O. B. Gibson of C. M. S. had us to dinner and brekker—magnificent fellow—a real treat to meet him.* He has a fine boys' school, self-supporting, in Bangala,* because they are of various tribes. So we had prayers all together in Bangala for the first time, and very good grub.

The next day we got here to Aba to find to our great joy that Jenkins was here to meet us. It was a vast relief, as you can imagine. I had never thought anyone could be spared for such a job. So we heard all the news of Norman and the last party arriving at Nala with great rejoicing, all fit and

* Bangala language—used by Belgian Government officials for legal business and by traders—a kind of Esperanto, understood by some of every tribe.

well. It is very blessed to hear all about things on the field, we have had wonderful times of prayer and real strengthening. As we get nearer to our goal our one desire is to draw nearer to Him who really called us. We are truly grateful for all the prayers at home. We may be here several days to await the rest of our baggage. *We are getting on well with Bangala and seeing the A. I. M. work, etc.*, so time will not be really wasted.

* * * *

REST HOUSE, RAMBO, MAY 23RD.

After having left Aba—we were there actually three weeks and four days, hung up for our baggage from Rejaf. At last most of it came, practically all of mine—so we've left Jenkins who met us, you remember, to bring the other stuff, and we have come on with all available baggage. . We were held up three days further than necessary by drenching rain, which prevented the porters from coming in from surrounding villages.

However, on Friday last we set off, and rare and glad we were. The boys were getting more and more fed up and irritable. At Aba they had nothing to eat but manioc every day. It's a dreadful place for getting food. We have brought five boys with us, two cooks and one boy each, as well as 23 porters, about 30 porters took our other things about two weeks ago, and Jenkins will need 30 more for the other goods. So we can be thankful we did not have the journey alone and with strange boys and 90 porters. We know the boys now pretty well and can speak fairly well in Bangala, after swotting it every morning at Aba, and chatting with the boys. So we set off; you would have laughed, the porters were all shapes and sizes, tall and small and fat and thin, their maximum load is sixty pounds, but most are not more than forty, all carried on their heads. Our first four days, I am glad to say, are short treks. The thing is to get up with the sun, and after a cup of tea and a biscuit or two, rush off and push the porters off before you and trek till 8.00 A. M., then stop on the road for breakfast and get the whole trek over before 11 A. M. at the outside. Every 15-20 miles there are rest houses where we put up for the night. These are just thatched mud houses, but quite comfortable. *We are all continually finding our army experience of real practical use in every way. Trekking, discipline of boy porters, etc.* I had really looked forward to being led by Jenkins on the trek to Nala, but now find myself in charge more or less once more, *i. e.*, responsible for instructions every day, looking after boys, porters, food, etc., paying

porters, etc. It was most amusing yesterday. Penjeli (Safety Pin), our most responsible boy, called the porters, lined them all up in a queue, then I took all their names, what they carried, and paid them a franc food money for the trek. *They live on about half a cent a day*, chiefly eating roast manioc. Their names were very funny—all sorts of queer things, which reminds me of a word they have: 'furu', meaning cupboard, which they sometimes use for their own inside. So if one says after a meal: "Atu ye na furu," you must be careful to add: "Na ngai," or you may not see the remnants of chicken, etc., which you wanted made into rissoles) any more—they will be in his cupboard safe and sound.

Monday—Today we left Rambo. After a cup of tea, got away about 5.45, arriving in Faradge here at about 10.00 A. M. When we got in it just began to pour, as only it can out here. You can't see the scenery for the water coming down (Ahem). Fortunately, there is a very nice official here, quite a young fellow. He sent us up a basket of fruit to the rest house—three pines, a dozen oranges and some pai-pai. The latter are delightful fruit, about as long as the width of this paper, rather on the lines of a melon, flavor like an apricot, very nourishing. These are cheap and plentiful. Then I sent Penjeli to ferret for food and he brought back three chickens and abundant manioc. Total cost, 40 cents, but at the present rate of the franc, 20 cents. Mangoes, too, are a fine fruit which are plentiful. So the cooks are getting to work as I write. After walking for four good hours, hard at it, we tucked into breakfast like soldiers—guanda (manioc) cakes fried and a large chicken cake (this the cook makes of minced chicken, guanda, rice, herbs, etc.). Very fine, indeed, until you get it every day, then, well you eat it up! *One thing we determined, we would have Bangala Prayer every evening with the boys.* The first night I made the plunge and after hymns (which they will sing all night if you let them) and a reading from Mark, I offered a prayer in Bangala and said a few words on the reading. Really it was quite surprising how well I got on. It is getting much easier to manage with the boys, too.

Last night, taking a little stroll in the moonlight before turning in, I heard some of the boys singing hymns in the porters' hut. Going nearer I heard Panjeli reading some verses from *Mako, and telling them why we three white men had come so far.

* Gospel of St. Mark translated by A. B. Buxton, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Afterwards they came to me to ask if we could not have a service and speak to the porters, and there in the moonlight I knelt with those two dear fellows and asked for guidance about this matter and they asked for great blessing on my work out here. I can tell you it was no small joy to me to see such spontaneous action and such a real desire to preach the Gospel to others. All our five boys are Christians, but these really are fine.

So tonight we set out to do this and God will doubtless bless our ignorance of the language, and our utter weakness, He is able.

* * * *

REST HOUSE, NIKIBONDO, JUNE 1ST.

Twelfth Day of Trek. That same night at Faradje we decided just to attempt it in the form of asking any who liked to come to evening prayers. Twelve of them came and so with our five boys we had quite a muster. We had some real good hymns, then *Jenkinson read a bit of John's Gospel*, after which I said a few words on the two paths. They seemed very pleased and asked if they could come again. We have one very good boy with us. I think I mentioned him in my last—Penjeli. I got him to speak at greater length, and so we did something, though it was a weak effort. *Could you but see these poor people you would long more and more that they knew something better.* Their life is just one of fearful immorality and ignorant uselessness. Our efforts seem small, indeed, to do anything to help them, were it not for our Lord who takes our loaves and fishes, blesses and multiplies them and feeds a multitude. The place we slept at next was Isibaba, not a bad little mud rest house, but I felt so groggy on the last lap, with the usual symptoms that as soon as my bed was put up I rolled in with ten grains of quinine and hot water bottle, and soon was in a very good healthy perspiration. When I cooled off a little I got up at 4.00 and pretended I was right again, sat in a chair outside chatting about our plans. But feeling that gradual sinking, weak sort of feeling of fever, thinking how bad it would be if we were held up and of all God's promises to keep us all the time. *We had united prayer about it.* I could scarcely kneel, I felt so groggy. I don't think I have ever known and been more conscious of the presence of God as at that time. *We remembered the man our Lord had pardoned—"Thy sins be forgiven thee"—and then his further and more visible work of healing "Arise," etc., and we just claimed that same power once more. "Oh!*

God is faithful to His promises, and for the first time in my life I experienced that remarkable freshness come to my head and limbs and I knew that this was not natural humanly speaking, for at the time I felt at my wrist. Now I have always been careful and perhaps a little critical of faith-healing, but this was as surely an act of God as I am fit and healthy today. All my imagination could not bring down a very high temperature and take away a raging headache and bodily weakness. I ate a very good dinner, slept well and we did a splendid trek the next day to a little place, Kusana, and never felt fitter in my life. Since then I have been perfectly fit and so have the other boys. We have not been held up once and we are doing the trek in good time. The scenery is just wonderful; real jungle we are in now; wild orchids, trailing creepers, wonderful flowers and amazing butterflies that make one long to know about their history and things. There are great big ones of amazing patterns eight inches wide, and we see numbers, all different, fluttering round one place. We still see numerous wild animals—tracks of elephants, lions and leopards. Very fresh in the early morning.

At our breakfast halt the next day who should roll up but the Rev. A. Shaw (C. M. S.) and Bishop Gwynne. It was delightful to see him again, and he looked better after his strenuous chase round the North Congo. We had guinea-fowl and antelope for breakfast, with eggs and quanda cakes, and a very jolly party we were. *We arrived at Dungu, May 30. There we met the Rev. and Mrs. Laverick (A. I. M.); the Rev. and Mrs. Gore (C. M. S.), who were passing through from Yambio, where the Bishop had been before. We had dinner altogether and a real good talk on the work. It was very nice for Missionaries of three societies to unite in prayer for the Congo.* I went to their service (Sunday) in the afternoon—very, very nice, but all in Azandi. Of course, I sung the hymns very lustily, but without much meaning, I fear. Mr. Gore preached—we had a very good time, indeed. They gave us a fruit salad with about six kinds of fruit we don't see in England. You really should taste mangoes and paipai and guava and the delightful pines we get here. Last night a woman came with six large pines quite ripe. I offered her six mahutas (worth five cents). She said: "Oh, no, only three mahutas," and wouldn't take any more. Fancy two large ripe pineapples for half a nickel. Our chickens cost about five cents each, and they are quite good, too. We arrived at Rungu yesterday, the last place of importance before Nala. The Chef-de-Post, a Swiss, is charming. He made us a present of five chickens, a large fish, half a kid, English vege-

tables, etc., for I've had every opportunity to turn our English dishes for the boys. *These officials seem so wild with delight to see another white man that they embrace one!* This good man can't speak a word of English so we haven't got so far as we otherwise might have done.

Porters should have come today (37 we want for the goods we have with us, other goods behind), but they failed so we have another good night here. I usually take prayers with the boys. Tonight we had a very nice hymn, a translation of *Alfred's of "The King of Love My Shepherd Is" to the same tune. You cannot imagine how delightful it is to be able to speak to them at prayers, etc. Conversation is now quicker and easier. We feel, and *I have particular reason to feel, that God has helped us very much with the language.* Tonight I spoke on the feeding of the multitude, a thing they can well appreciate and wonder at. They seem very thoughtful. We have eight with us now; three have joined us and Jenkins has gone on to Nala by cycle, having seen our goods arrive at Aba.

* * * *

†NALA, JUNE 23RD.

I fear this is a very hurried line, rather disappointing for a first letter from here, but as you can imagine I've scarcely had time to do anything. As far as I can see *I shall remain here at Nala at present. They have been and still are very short handed.* A big number of workmen employed—splendid boys' work—school, etc. *Medical dispensary, etc., and girls' and women's industrial work and school. How three people have carried this on just beats all imagination.* A good solid 12 hours every day—meeting for prayer for keen men at 5.30 A. M. (20-30) and winding up at 6 P. M., when the school and men's work finishes. *The school is splendid—Miss Bromberger alone has carried this on—this means she is with them all the time, organizing their work, gardening, etc., etc., in the morning, seeing they keep clean and their houses clean.* Then the school proper in the afternoon, 2.15 to 6.00 P. M. The workmen who wish to come can also attend. Of course, the whole thing needs firm discipline, and Miss B. has done this entirely on her own. To see all the various classes move about quietly and do everything together is really a treat. Of course, we only do the most elementary work—just reading entirely by

* Alfred Barclay Buxton.

† Nala, Headquarters of Heart of Africa Mission in the Field.

phonetics, which takes a long time to learn, and addition and subtraction. *When they can read, they read the Gospels, Mark and John, and so really get to know the Word of God.* Among the elder boys in particular are some very real Christians, whose lives and reliability bear real testimony to a changed life.

My day is very full, indeed, beginning with the 5.30 prayer—it usually lasts about three quarters of an hour. C. T. takes this in his own house (on the big veranda), then after the workmen's meeting for morning prayers at 6.30. I am on the industrial stunts—vainly striving in the carpenter's shop to show them how to use tools and to cut and plane straight. I use the word a thousand times a day—*alima*. I have six carpenters, some of them very nice fellows, three of them very keen Christians, the others cooler. We have also chair-making, etc., agricultural work. All this seems very prosy compared with one's usual ideas of pioneer missionary work, but *considering the coming expansion of the work, enlargement of the H. Q. organization is inevitable.* Every new station to be opened will have to have many things from the H. Q. in order to get to work rapidly without waste of time. Then I am altering a big native "guamo" (dance-house) for native quarters. And later on we shall build a native hospital *when we get a doctor.* At mid-day we have the daily P. M. of the missionaries. Just a word about some of the fellows here. I have two boys, of course, a cook and a boy; both have passed through the school and read and write well. The cook is Imbikoni and the boy Jugi (judge). Getting rather fagged I managed an attack of fever which lasted a day or two. Well, my temperature was pretty bad and getting worse in the early afternoon of the third day, when Jugi came along and asked me if he might read a little to me (I told him I wanted him to keep up his reading). At the moment I would have said "Yes" if he asked me if he might burn the house down, I felt so groggy. Well, he sat on the floor near the bed and very intently found the place he wanted and read (he reads very well) about the raising of Lazarus—during this I had sorted by brain out a little more and began wondering why he had read this—well—he finished and asked me: "Wasn't it wonderful?" I said: "Yes, it's like all God's work. He can do anything." Then he looked at me, with his head on one side, and said: "Couldn't He take away your fire of the head? (as they call it here.) I had prayed about this matter, of course, but had not had the gumption to take God at His word. I answered him: "You believe He can?" So he knelt down quickly and said a little prayer in which he said: "Oh God you are our

Father—you can easily make my white man better.” I prayed after that and when I’d finished he jumped up quickly, turned the blanket back and began to pull me up. I was speechless nearly with amazement. This wasn’t empty faith, but real practical working material, so what could I do. I jumped up; he ran for some hot water for a sponge down and soon I was up and doing (gently). Out of pure curiosity I took my temperature again. It was just below normal; when he began to read it was 103 degrees. Usually one’s temperature goes up in the evening in ordinary malaria. Now it was just this—on the trek, as you know, God took fever away worse than this last attack and I think He wanted to show me that no matter where, He is the same. These are just plain facts of the case.

Pray particularly for the two boys, Jugi and Imbikoni, both are keen Christians; then for *Baragueni*, *Sangbada* and *Gemisi*, our chief men here and my six carpenters. Our great hope here is in some of the fine boys in the school, and many are really keen little Christians. I usually speak at the boys’ daily prayers. Do pray that I may be enabled to give His word, not my own, to these boys whose future may mean more won for Christ.

* * * *

FIVE DAYS ELAPSE

The last week however, seems to have been the beginning of a change here; *God abundantly answers prayer*. Many men have come together for prayer on their own and seem to be stirred to a deeper consecration. The two ladies may soon go out on a circular tour, which will mean Jenkinson and me in charge of the boys’ industrial work—the whole school, man and boys, etc., so will have plenty to do, I expect. *Yesterday I helped C. T. at a baptism service in the river Nala, about half men and half women*. Some of them very earnest, indeed—not Nala people, but some who have had the Gospel and preparation for some time.

The work is just full of interest. I may not stay long in Nala; I don’t know yet; it depends on our future developments. We have continual assurance of God’s greatest blessing on the work in this unoccupied region where more men and women are so badly needed. Women can do magnificent work, *e. g.*: Miss B., who has run this fine school. She has had malaria and blackwater so badly she must go home this year, I should imagine. Then there is the work amongst the

girls and women. *Nurse Arnall does it here, which, of course, only women can do satisfactorily. *If folk at home realized the great crying need of these poor souls who have never had a chance of anything but appalling degradation, they would come running and leave everything for Christ.* As God has been so gracious to us on the journey so is He being now. We have got the language now fairly well, more we shall only get by constant use.

One looks at dear †C. T. S., over 60, working as no ordinary man can work. If we tried to do what he does we would crock up in a week. A man whose aim is to pour himself out for these people that they may hear of Christ. One longs for more real sacrifice in one's own life and that others at home might long for it, too, that we might know Him and the Power of His Resurrection and the Fellowship of His Sufferings—Power and Sacrifice are inseparable. Even out here one could come out and settle down and be comfortable and lazy—may I be kept faithful.

* * * *

NALA, JULY 29TH, 1926

The school at full strength is about 150 boys, not quite full at present; all boarders, under whole time discipline for food, work, school and everything. So you can imagine the grip that is necessary on a pack of little black boys, or it would be one big pandemonium. I believe I've had fever three times since I came to Nala, then a nasty attack of dysentery, being so close they pull one down no end. But now at last I've begun to feel truly energetic and well, and getting on well with the work. Strange, isn't it? I felt even in England I should stop at Nala for a time at least. Well, there seems a lot of spade work, not at all very interesting, to do here; reinforcing and preparing for extension of the whole work, helping dear old C. T.—that I am wanted here at present. Personally, of course, one would like to get to a new place and get a work entirely on one's own lines. George Ambrose is doing well with Lowder at Wamba, Southeast at Deti,

* Nurse Arnall home on furlough.

† Mr. C. T. Studd.

getting building up, a school going, endless work of every description. *Mr. and Mrs. Norman Grubb are at Deti*, where there are immense opportunities and things are moving wonderfully. *Staniford and Ruscoe* arrived in great style. They came a different way, via Port Sudan, only not half so interesting as our way. A man brought in a wild pig from the jungle for the occasion, and, Oh, what a day we had, I say. On these occasions we all have dinner with Buana (C. T. S.) and have great fun—it is a delight to him to see all these young fellows coming out. How lovely it is to think of your prayer together for me and the work here. What a real bond it is and real working together, for we truly move the Hand that moves the world. Oh, that we believed this more we should pray more and ask for greater things. I was sad to hear of *Mr. Moule's death. He was wonderful at Keswick last year. As I write now Keswick is only just over. How we all prayed for a real blessing on the Varsity houses there, for the thrusting of more men out to the uttermost parts—how I longed to be there. Last year, did I tell you I knew, "This is my first and last Keswick."

Well, one thing I'm certain of—if one came out here on *Social Lines* without the everlasting Gospel, one would go home quick, hopelessly disappointed. If boys pass through the mission and school without conversion they go away with seven times as many devils as they came with—civilizing and education alone is just useless. Of course, greater knowledge brings greater responsibility, so if they don't alter, they are in greater sin.

My own boys, Jugi and Mibikoni, are very good. The youngest had to be spanked the other day. He has been a wonderful model ever since. You know, much as one hates it, it's vitally necessary here in the school. They understand truly that you are not exactly pleased with them if you give them a good spanking.

* * * *

AUGUST 19TH, 1920.

We are getting to the end of the wet season, and, oh, how sorry we are. The heat here is like a moist oven for Swiss cakes. But a dry oven will be worse.

* Bishop Handley Moule of Durham.

One can already feel it is a struggle to keep spiritually fresh out here where there is such a multitude of work other than spiritual, and because of my unfortunate (?) accomplishments, I am in charge of practically all the industrial work here. *Superintending log-felling, sawing these into planks at the pit carpentry; all the doors, windows, etc., for a new house, etc., besides other work. Then chair makers and weavers.* I'm in a continual nightmare of men coming to me with "I've done that work, what next?" It's all very interesting and one gets fine opportunities of chats with all the men; *many come to my house for a chat and prayer, and many are very keen men.*

I've done my two first extractions—the first a great success, a large molar of Miss †D's house boy; he squealed like a pig. The second, a very bad one—a boy in the school. I got it out in pieces, poor kid. *Really it's wonderful the things one can do when there is no one else to do it,* but I had only got two sizes of forceps and none of the really dreadful things that give you shivers to look at. *I've also soled and heeled two pairs of ladies' shoes. So with all these excitements one hasn't much time.*

* * * *

NALA, SEPTEMBER 29TH.

The nights are getting cooler as the "Gard", or hot season, approaches and soon we'll be smothered without any rain.

We have had Keswick much in our thoughts and prayers—Miss Dennis was there, too, last year. Already I'm beginning to envy the seasons at home. Here it's one long hot summer, no rejoicing in Spring, etc., trees always the same.

On Sunday afternoon now, Berr and I go out with the boys, about 340 of them, to a neighboring village, have a short service and return. All these tracks go through thick jungle and the good walk and change does one good. Last week was rather a wash-out; we got to a large village and found every inhabitant had gone to the nearest market, about four hours further on. With the exception of places like Nala, where the Mission control, most "poso" (markets) are on Sunday. Here it is on Saturday. In many ways our poso meeting is the most interesting of any. They come in from all around—Azande, Myogo, Maege, Mbudu, and *though the general meeting is carried on in Bangala, our head men give addresses in three or four languages, and they really are*

† Nurse Dennis.

languages, all with a grammar of their own. Talk about a tongue movement—we've enough of it here. *Fancy, my boy, Jugi, can speak five languages and understand six, and he is about ten years old.* Of course, they haven't much else to occupy their brain box, so its full of other languages and nothing else. All societies and missionaries seem to agree that the black man, and particularly the Congo variety, is about the limit in being hard to understand—even after conversion. His hereditary outlook is responsible for many falls, and lying seems natural as water to a duck. Until one realizes that in England centuries of Christian influence have made a very high accepted code of morals apart from actual religion (and this is absolutely absent here), *you cannot realize what the Congo Christian has to fight against. Centuries of vice and immorality are in his very nature—poor, poor souls—we don't half realize their struggle, I fear. Do pray for them, particularly those I influence. Only the power of the Holy Spirit can keep them.*

We do need to walk very near to God and to be very instant in prayer to be able to help people so in the power of the Devil. Education can never overcome such a power of vice or dressing them up in clothes.

Do pray for them—you little know how many will be brought to Christ and how many Christians will be strengthened by your prayers alone. Oh, that I had more faith to claim the precious promises of our Saviour. "Greater works than these shall ye do" because He is ascended to a place of power. Look at the "Daily Light" today, September 30—very comforting to me—look at it all—*fewer twelve times in so short a period might discourage a fellow—but, oh, "He knoweth the way that I take" and when He hath tried me—I shall come forth as gold.*

* * * *

NALA, OCTOBER 4TH.

Blessings never cease. You know, of course, that Mr. and Mrs. Grubb had gone to Deti some months ago, which is, by the way a pretty place, high up on the hills. You can see miles round; very healthy, better than Nala. Well, there is some more building work to do there, so C. T. wants me to go there, partly because I shall be better in health. This only may be for a time; I don't know. Deti is only two days away.

We left Nala on Tuesday at about 2.30 p. m. Buana insisted on my taking a chair even if I didn't use it—that meant eight carriers and three porters. I didn't mention this, but

Miss Dennis is going to Deti, too, so it turned out very well, and she, of course, was carried all the way, or almost, as the road is really impossible, it beats anything I've yet seen for absolute jungle. It would often be impassable, but we take the road of the stream and wade a long way in six or eight inches of water in a winding course with branches right over our head. In front of us all goes one man, a jolly fellow with a big "maseti" (or curved native knife); here you hold your breath—to cut away trailers and branches which would catch the lady's chair—not for the great lions and tigers as one might lead you to believe.

We arrived at 5.30, just before dusk, at Chief Gima's village. There we found a rest house and our cook who had gone before had cooked the chicken and fried potatoes (chips) very nice soup, etc., guanda cakes fried—after that bananas and tea. It sounds quite luxurious, doesn't it. Everything in monkey nut oil—the women make it. It is very good for cooking; has no taste. All our porters and chairmen were Nala men and mostly Christians. Oh, what a real treat to have them and not wild men from the villages, as when we came into Nala. They are so happy and willing, they go faster and sing lively march tunes, hymns as we go.

After we had had a cup of tea the men were all sitting round big fires singing hymns again, so I went to their big guano (a big open-sided house) and we had prayers together with them, and there were some very keen men there. I spoke very shortly on the real effects of Christ within us. I should have loved you all to have heard the three or four prayers which followed, *real prayers of faith from men really changed*, who not many years ago were ignorant of the Saviour entirely. No arguments of the right of authority to preach can destroy the facts of a changed life in many of these dear fellows. The chief man with us, by name, Faranka, is a very bright fellow, full of fun, quite young, but a true Christian. I enjoyed that half an hour with them very much. Then after eating we went to bed tired. The rest house had two portions with wide verandah. We eat in the middle open room and sleep in the side places. My boys and Miss D's one slept in a lump in my room and Miss D. had her boy's mother, a funny old dear, to look after her. Diwi is her little boy, a very good little fellow. When Miss D. went to her room she found Diwi tucking his old black mother up in his only blanket on her native bed on the floor. My boy's mother also met him on the path, insisted on holding my hand for quite a way and telling her friends and relations: "This is my Juji's white man, look at him."

We got off in the morning quickly at sunrise after a cup of tea, and at about 8.30 we stopped at a village for breakfast. But I'd done so much wading and climbing I had to change my boots and socks, and after breakfast I had an hour or two in the chair. Ordinarily one wouldn't bother, but I'd only just got rid of my last dose of fever a week before, so I'm treading carefully for a time.

After another wonderful jungle path, often very difficult to get through, we arrived at Deti, at the top of a big hill, and received a vociferous welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Grubb. Already one can note the great change of air; one gets a breeze all day long; I don't know how long I might be here. There is varied work to do and a report of the surrounding villages to make. Mr. Grubb and I hope to go trekking together. All around here are Mbudu people. I am now learning Monguana, the general language of the Ituri Province of the Congo. It sounds as if you had swallowed a lot of jumping crackers—not a nice language to hear.

The day after we arrived, the morning Daily Light gave us strength. Look at October 15th.

I am very fit now, in spite of having a good deal of fever; this is a great change and I expect great things in every way. I need special guidance about my place and work of the future that I may take a sound course—no extreme methods, but He will for His Name's sake lead me and guide me.

"The Eternal God is our Refuge and underneath are His Everlasting Arms.

* * * *

DETI HILL, OCTOBER 24TH, 1920.

You would love to see this wonderful place up on a high hill, so high one can see about 20 miles round about. It is very nice to see fresh work and different methods.

Deti is healthy, being so high, but it is not ideal for getting at the people because of the huge climb to the Mission places—it boasts two houses, one not at all comfy or rain proof, a church, store and outhouses for sugar making, etc., and the usual workmen's houses, etc.

Of course, after rather a long absence of any missionary here, the work has gone back a little, but *Mr. Grubb is working hard to lay very solid foundations* to what we hope will be simply a center for much surrounding work. Where one would recuperate a little after chasing round the surrounding country. I am helping him in a few general ways. I am doing planting of sugar-bananas, guanda, etc. *I got a lot of*

*useful hints re African planting from the A. I. M. *Paul Hurlbert was like a Brother to me there, showed me everything on the place. It is amazing what one learns on the way in, but tell every †intending missionary you hear or know of to learn everything he can—nothing's wasted here—carpentry, cooking, washing, nursing, mending, building, cobbling, plastering, soldering, knowledge of chemicals, any manufacturing of food, i. e., sugar, oils, fats, etc., crude products, woods, etc.*

Knowledge of these things not only helps one in missionary work, but makes independent self-supporting stations and gives a wider interest to a missionary's work and life.

Strange to say, as in England, I find the greatest pleasure and result in small meetings, or personal talks with one man. One seems to go to the bottom of things and know his real mind and need. Some of my greatest inspiration I have received has been from evening prayers with our house boys and cooks, etc.

Particularly here in Deti they like our evening prayers together. You would love to be here and look around the circle. First Mbikoni, my nice, fat, smiling, round-faced cook, very earnest; then, both on one chair, Jugi and Diwi, both in white; then Genikeri, Miss D's cook, a smiling, very quiet fellow. Then Diwi's mother, who came with us, joined us half way, a dear old thing, and earnest; and finally Geniker's wife or Da Genikeri, a fairly young woman who usually comes in with her husband here at Deti. We just have a few quiet hymns and then one of the boys reads a bit of Mark or John's Gospel, after which I give a quiet word on the Scripture read and then after prayer offered by one or two I close and then to bed. Truly, I am very thankful for two such splendid boys as Mibikoni and Jugi. Do pray for them both.

Miss Dennis is quite busy here—makes sugar and takes school in the morning, and takes children's meetings on Sunday. Our boys are teaching in the school as they read fluently, etc. *Kingwana* is not so easy as Bangala, but it contains a number of Bangala words. I've not done much in it yet.

I had a nice letter from *Sanghada* the other day. I've mentioned him before—a rather fine young fellow.

* Son of the Director of the A. I. M.

† Realizing these needs H. A. M. has started a colony to train young men in all these crafts before sailing. Particulars from 17, Highland Road, Upper Norwood, London, England.

DETI, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1920.

Well, here I am, still at Deti and having a very full and interesting time. Mrs. Ellis and Nurse Arnall duly arrived and are installed in the proper house. I am slightly higher on the hill in a new house, built some time ago, unsupervised by a missionary, and in consequence uninhabitable. Just rooms with 5 feet 6 inches wide doorways, no door and no windows. So my first work is to convert all the doorways into windows and alter it inside a bit; make native window shutters outside and blinds inside and 3 feet 3 inch doors. It is all just finished and looks fine. "Though I ses it as shouldn't." This new work is very interesting. I like the people better and the language. We are officially in *Ituri* now, and the language is Kingwana—better language, though not so easy to speak or so liquid as Bangalã, it comes out all in jerks.

Already I've had quite a lot of medical and dressing experience. More anon. And, of course, I have to superintend all work going on. We had a terrible gale last week, which did a great deal of damage, first carried away the church—a good big building about 50 feet by 90 feet just a wreck of smothered timbers. Three workmen's houses and a big guano we used for meetings—so altogether we've plenty to do. But the climax arrived when a pole of the guano fell on a little boy and broke his thigh bone high up. Fortunately, I'd got the boys to pick up a lot of cotton and to ease it out for medical purposes the day before and so we had enough for splints, etc., and I hurriedly made two splinters. Nurse sewed one while I did the other, and we fixed up in quick time, but the poor kid had no end of pain. Now he's getting on very well, but the job is to keep the bandage round his chest (to keep the long splint under his arm). He at first insisted on moving it because he couldn't eat enough to make any impression on his shape. I think I frightened him into keeping it on, but they've got such foolish relations who come, enforce their wishes, and often spoil good work.

Saturday is Poso day and we beat the drum, then up to 11 o'clock men and women and kiddies came toiling up the hill with Bogu, bananas, chicken, eggs, nuts for oil, sugar cane, onions, mats, beds, rice, palm-oil, and other things. At 11 o'clock or so we have a short service, a few cheerful hymns, prayer, a short word to proclaim the Gospel and invite them to come along on the morrow. Numbers come, of course, with the crowd just to see relations from the other places, etc. so we often have 200 or 300 at least at a Poso meeting. Fortunately, Mr. Grubb had put up another guano in a more sheltered spot, so with a rapid enlargement and improvement

it is good for a church until we can get other building done, and a new church made, and poles will be extra strong, and everything double tied to resist such fury as we had last week. It was indescribable, no man could stand in it. It tore up trees by the roots and the ladies' house heaved and sighed as if it were the next candidate. Fortunately, we had decided earlier in the day not to have school, or the church might have fallen on one of us and 30 or 40 women and children. The men have school in the afternoon. We have not yet got a separate building for the school, so we use the church. We have most encouraging daily morning meetings, to which everyone on the station as well as outsiders come and we have had real blessing in every kind of work. After the meeting, Nurse attends to sick cases, sores, etc., and all my beloved tarabais (workmen) line up on parade. I have now about 18, including the goat boy and water carriers, the fat and sugar boy, etc., and then *Mapoi*, a simply fine fellow gives them a little French drill, *i. e.*, just straightening them out and calls them to attention, etc. Then I yarn about what we've to do today and off we go. They are a splendid lot of men, some dull and some recently in from the bush, but real willing and helpful. I've only been out of Deti itself twice since I came here, both trips were thoroughly enjoyable. The people in every place welcome us and ask us to stay and are very attentive at meetings, and how they love the hymns, which they soon pick up.

The last trip was caused by the petition of two of the big fellows to help them recover their mother, who they said was a prisoner in a Bili house. This is a fearfully immoral and murderous cult, which in the past was responsible for numbers of deaths, run by unscrupulous and devil possessed *capitas* (the chiefs), so off we went. Mrs. Ellis in a *toippo* (carrying chair), your humble servant on foot. We collared this bad old capita—or rather our men did—surprised the village in the middle of a wailing song for the last victim, who only died the previous day. The old villain was thoroughly frightened. We ran him through intricate paths in the jungle to make him discover the Bili house. He took us through terrible places, indescribable in every way. These houses are usually hidden very well, by impossible paths, etc. Then just as we came to the thrilling part where the dear old mother is restored to her sons it falls very flat. We found the Bili house had been burnt, and on our return to the village found that the mother was a kind of priestess of Bili and loved it more than her sons. We made the old capita prisoner. Some of his men tried to rescue him on the way back, but !!!! and we handed

him over to the official. We had a service in the village—a very silent hearing—several interested and some splendid little kiddies. As we proceeded from there old women cursed the capita and said he had killed their son or their baby, etc.—too horrible to relate. The head chief is very favorable to the Gospel and wishes to exterminate the Cult in his territory. *He also wishes to have a native evangelist sent there.* This is our great need, do pray that God will raise up natives keen and able to do this work—we have many, but we want more. At present *Mr. Lowder* from Womba (nine days away) is here, so I'm making the most of him to help me with the language. *He has translated Matthew and about forty hymns into Kingwana, and knows both its root languages, Swahili and Arabic. He has traveled far in the Congo and is a very valuable man to learn from.*

With all this work on I expect we shall have no school for a week or two, only work and local itinerating. I may not remain long here. I would like to go further South when I've got hold of Kingwana. I'm very fit and well considering the various trials to one's health out here. Do pray that I may be utterly dependent on Him then all things will be well done for it will be His work. Both boys are simply splendid and very helpful. Mbikoni takes a children's meeting sometimes here and Juji is very good, too. He scarcely needs a word now through a whole day. It is a great blessing to have good boys, but this is a direct answer to prayer, for it is a thing we have prayed much about together.

All the workmen, all local people, know Bangala as well, so I sail along here all right, but outside only know Kingwana.

* * * *

DETI HILL, NOVEMBER 23RD.

I am, as you can imagine, very busy as a result of the storm, in fact, I got too busy and suddenly decided that in spite of the pressure of work, etc., the men must have school in the afternoon and not work all day like workmen and nothing else. They are here primarily to learn spiritual truth, so we got at it fiercely after morning prayers till 12.30 or 1 o'clock, and then at 2.30 we have "barua," which is the Kingwana for school or writing. This is very amusing. Some get on very quickly, others very slowly. The younger they are the better they take it in. The teachers are our boys, all of them read and write, so it is most useful to take them about with me even for that alone. In a few weeks I expect the rainy season

will be over and we will experience our first sample of the Gara, or dry season. We have had much encouragement here since we came. Many men and some women coming in on purpose to inquire about God, and *many places round are crying out for teachers*. Mr. Lowder is revising his vocabulary and hymns for the press. My little Corona typewriter has been very useful. Kingwana has never been defined and put into print before, although we can cross Africa with it, and it is an excellent language, derived from Swahili and Arabic. It will be splendid to have it in print. Mr. Lowder has translated Matthew's Gospel and numbers of hymns, and *will do Luke next as we have Mark and John in Bangala*. The other night I strolled past the house we have left (we are all in the big one now, 8 rooms) and the two men who are sleeping there are watchmen, called out and asked me to come and pray with them. So I went in. Neither of them knew much Bangala. It is remarkable how quickly one is helped to pick up these languages. I do want to do translation, too, in Kingwana. Bangala has no attraction in that way for it is so clumsy, *e. g.*, Kingwana has possessive pronouns and relative and a good plural. Bangala has neither, and then Kingwana has a much richer vocabulary.

With care, *i. e.*, proper mid-day rest, etc., I keep very fit here at Deti, but the slightest irregularity of hours upsets me, so I'm just making haste slowly. Doesn't it seem strange, near the end of November we are just nearing our hotter season. Christmas will be a regular roaster I expect. I do thank God for all your prayers and love at home, like we felt in France with the artillery behind us.

* * * *

DETI HILL, NOVEMBER 30TH.

I told you about all these buildings being blown down. As a consequence, of course, I've lots of work, quite out of previous calculations, and dwelling places being of primary importance, I am making a big tarabais (workman's) house just with a door and a window and a good wide verandah. This is my first personal effort at building and being landed with a lot of building like this *I am very grateful for a past course at the Technical College on building construction*, for though the thing is so different, yet *questions of strength and stress are the same*. Then I helped with building in Nala and so gained a little experience there.

In a way I'm sorry to have so much to do. I wanted a quieter time for study of Kingwana, but I suppose an all-

around missionary must always be crowded out with work. There is so much varied work everywhere one turns, but I know when I am beginning to do too much and then I have to pull up and re-arrange a bit. Just lately I have been thinking much of how perfectly feeble I am, when I read all the promises of Power in God's word to us. Promises like Paul claimed—Ephesians 3:16-19. Look at it, ending with "that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." What greater words could be given, and how to attain in verse 17: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, not a weary striving and working, but by *simple faith for all occasions*. Out here among this appalling darkness it is terrible to be low spiritually, but Oh, how I praise and glorify our Wonderful Father that though there have been times, Oh, so hard and difficult to understand, yet all along He has been a real and a present help, and it hasn't been long before I have seen the reason for everything. *One of the greatest blessings and supports in one's work is a God given love, an overwhelming love for these people*. Oh, that you could all see them, some of them here at Deti, men not long ago, two or three years, living lives of horrible vice and degradation, now men who truly know God, and with whom one can have real Christian fellowship—such simple souls, like big children and some affectionate and some faithful. Of course, there are bitter disappointments, from different causes, too often through pride which leads to everything else, as it caused the fall of the Devil himself. My head man here is *Gemisi, an ex-soldier*, a big fine man, a little hasty, but sound as anything underneath, and has a splendid wife. They both read and write and teach in the school. Then a very dear fellow, *Congo*, a little fellow about my own size and age, and he is simply fine. I hope to send him out as an evangelist when he can read and write. He is longing to go now. All the men here. I have about 20 on the place as workers, and all are learning to read, etc. Most of them Christians or inquirers, and very willing workers and earnest in their school work. I take school in the afternoon and a rare old Babel it is. *Mbikoni* (whose name in Kingwana is Bingoi—heaven) has the top class, then *Jugi*, another, and other school boys other classes. *Gemisi* hops around and tests them occasionally and brings them to me to pass into another class. At present I'm trying to rush Congo and another latent evangelist on alone. They will soon be reading Mark's Gospel, so I have them alone. Last Sunday a very strange thing happened. We were blest with a horde of bug grasshoppers. The natives love them to eat—very fat and juicy, they say. Early in the morning we heard the appropriate cries for such

an occasion and the news soon spread, and up the people came from all around the hill to catch their Sunday dinner on our estate. When the crowd was really good we beat the drum for service and they all came, quite a big crowd, and the way they listened was quite inspiring to us all. *We had Mabudu hymns* and the address interpreted into Mabudu. They were most of that tribe and quite a large number stayed afterwards to *ask questions and hear more*. So the Lord can use a multitude of grasshoppers as a blessing as well as a plague.

READER—"HOW SHALL THEY HEAR WITHOUT
A PREACHER? HOW SHALL THEY PREACH EX-
CEPT THEY BE SENT?"—ROMANS 10:14, 15.

THE
WORLDWIDE EVANGELIZATION CRUSADE
and
HEART OF AFRICA MISSION



OBJECT

The Evangelization of every part of the Unevangelized World in the shortest possible time, beginning with the Heart of Africa.



DOCTRINAL BASIS

1. Absolute Faith in the Deity of each Person of The Trinity.
2. Absolute Belief in the full Inspiration of the Old and New Testament Scriptures.
3. Vow to know and to preach none other save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.
4. Obedience to Christ's command to love all who love the Lord Jesus sincerely without respect of persons, and to love all men.
5. Absolute Faith in the Will, Power, and Providence of God to meet our every need in His service.

McAULIFFE & BOOTH, Inc.
263 West 126th St.
New York

**THE
WORLDWIDE EVANGELIZATION CRUSADE
AND
HEART OF AFRICA MISSION**